

# The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

Vol. V.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1909.

No. 2

## NOTE AND COMMENT

In Alberta we have had a rather extensive experience with the question of what is and what is not to print. The pioneer of that form of weekly journal, which has its principal readers in the hotel corridors and on the railway trains, which the member of the church board of managers reads only in the secrecy of his inner office, and which the materfamilias is particularly anxious to keep away from her growing boys, is *The Winning Post*, published in London by Mr. Robert S. Slevier. His paper furnishes much material at all times for his imitators the world over. Frequently he has been brought into court for circulating indecent articles. This happened a few weeks ago, and the report of the proceedings are of decided interest. He was defended by that eminent counsel, Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., who dealt specifically with some of the passages in the publication. He declared that they were certainly no more objectionable than what appeared in some of the works of Sir Walter Scott, or "The Three Musketeers," or the poem of "Lady Godiva." One of the passages quoted by the prosecution was almost a verbatim extract from the Proverbs. The police might as well object to the works of Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Sterne. It was unfair for the police to ask the magistrate to lay down a standard of decency which had never been applied in a court of law to this kind of literature.

The argument is a bold one, so far at least as Sir Walter Scott and "Lady Godiva" are concerned, not to speak of the Book of Proverbs. One point, however, Mr. Smith overlooked. There are different ways of treating the same subject. It is the same in literature as in the fine arts. The comparison which Mr. Smith makes is about as reasonable as one between the Greek goddess of a great classical panther and a figure which some cheap sketch artist circulates because of its appeal to the baser passions.

Everyone likes to have his work show results. This is particularly the case with those whose calling it is to write for the press. So much that they give time and thought to appears to be absolutely thrown away or at best to have an indirect effect, that it is very satisfactory to find concrete action following a suggestion. This has been the case with what at the time seemed to the editor of *The Saturday News* a very excellent article from "J. C. O.," who contributes the "Here and There" department, which has been a feature of this paper for some time past. It dealt with the problem which the "lone man" in an Alberta town is up against in finding congenial occupations for his spare time. The *Daysland Press* took the matter up. It reproduced the article in full and added: "A meeting was held in the Merchants Bank parlors on Tuesday afternoon with a view to arranging for something of the kind suggested above. A preliminary plan was outlined for the formation of a club, which provides for the purchase of suitable lots and erection of a club building. Provisional officers were appointed, also a committee to discuss the matter with citizens generally and see what the general feeling is regarding such a venture. It is to be hoped that it may be successfully managed and that it may prove a valuable means of bringing our people into closer social relationship."

Let other communities follow *Daysland's* example.

A despatch from London says: "The estate of the late Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, is valued for probate at \$1,624,330. After provision for her grandson, the Viscount Mandeville, and the younger children of the Duke of Manchester, the residue of the property was left in trust for the duke during his life and then for the successor to the title. The dowager duchess bequeathed a ruby and diamond bracelet to Queen Alexandra, as a token of my respectful affection." The society for the prevention of cruelty to animals received \$5,000. The testator before her marriage to the

eight duke of Manchester was Miss Consuelo Yznaga of New York. Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, was a sister of Lady Lister Kaye, the wife of Sir John Lister Kaye, who figured so prominently in Alberta many years ago in the country east of Calgary. He organized a gigantic land and colonization company, but was ahead of the times, and the whole was sold out at a small figure to people who made a good thing out of what they bought. Had this property been held longer the shareholders would have not only obtained their money back, but also a profit. Had the services of experienced Western men been obtained, as managers or foremen of the concern, no doubt better results might have been obtained. Good men, no doubt, were in control but being brought direct from the old country they had not the experience at first hand necessary for the work. The same lands that failed in those days are now yielding good crops.

Discussing the increased price of meat in the second chamber at Dresden, Germany, Herr Koch, a Radical member, said that dear meat meant dear bread and dear everything else in the way of food. He added that German agriculture, which was protected by high tariffs, was unable to supply sufficient beef to feed the population, which, as a result, was underfed. He demanded that the embargo on American and Danish cattle be raised. Repeating the Premier denied that the cost of beef and sheep on the hoof was higher, and said that if the dressed meat had increased in price the fact was due to the action of the middlemen and the close combination maintained among the butchers. To admit American meat more freely would be, the premier thought, to throw away the last trump card held by Germany in its trade relations with the United States. The House took no action in the matter.

Some latter-day scientists claim that there is a connection between eating meat and drinking alcohol, and that if less meat were eaten there would be less alcohol consumed. Are we to infer from this that if meat becomes scarce in Germany there will be less beer consumed. This idea seems to point to distinct evolution, or revolution, of a striking nature in the economic conditions of future generations. For if meat eating is to decrease it means different methods to be adopted by the farmer, as stock raising would be out of date. Still we may fall back on more dairying and in this way obtain our animal food, but the supply of wool and lard would fall short, and substitutes would be necessary for these.

As we don't expect to live in that age, we simply call attention to how one economic alteration affects other economic conditions, and how one part of the world fits into the other; so that when a line of trade is opened it may dislodge others. In the future, no doubt, much will be understood that is Greek to us now.

When the prohibitionist takes up the prohibition of meat, as an incen-

## Leonardo's "Flora"



A picture which constitutes an important link in a discussion which is agitating Europe. It is in the possession of the Morrison estate, at the home of the late Charles Morrison, near Pangbourne. It is the portrait of the wife of Signor Jcondini, of Florence, painted by Leonardo di Vinci. Recently the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin bought a bust of "Flora," said to be the work of Leonardo. The charge is now made that this is not the product of the genius of the great Florentine, but of an Englishman, Mr. R. C. Lucas, who modelled it from the above painting.

## Mrs. Langtry



"The Jersey Lily," having won a considerable reputation on the stage, and later as the owner of race-horses, has now blossomed out with a novel, "All at Sea."

## The Australian Terrier



MRS. WOOD'S AUSTRALIAN TERRIERS

A new variety of dog has recently found its way to England, and may find a place for itself on the bench at shows, in company with others of the genus dog. General terrier points are looked for in this breed, but they should be long in body and set rather

low to the ground. The weight varies from ten to fourteen pounds. The head is long, with good underjaw, ears prick or drop and not too large. The coat is hard and crisp. Some are sandy in color, but the most popular color is blue and tan, with a soft

top-knot of pale blue or creamy hair. Mrs. Woods brought these dogs to England from Australia about two years ago and has been winning quite a lot of prizes at English shows with them. She is going back to

live to alcohol, there will be a considerable stir in the world. Certainly, life is growing complicated.

One thing we do know that man has never been sure as to whether he is an herbivorous animal or a carnivorous animal, but is continually trying to find this out. Some day he may know.

Probably the one thing that strikes the reader who picks up a copy of the third annual report of the Alberta Department of Education, is the expansion which runs all through. To the matter of education especial attention has been paid by our government, and it is safe to say that in matters educational we are usually not only abreast of our progress in other lines but perhaps a little ahead of it.

We note on the first page of the report of the Deputy Minister of Education: "From the list of schools organized during the year it will be observed that an average of fourteen new school districts per month was maintained throughout the year. There is very likelihood that this number will be considerably increased during the year 1909."

During the past two years instances have occasionally been brought to the attention of the Department, in which settlers in outlying districts were unable to organize schools, owing to the fact that proposed school districts did not contain the requisite number of resident children of school age. This obstacle was overcome at the recent session of the Legislature, by the enactment of an amendment whereby a school district may be established though there be only eight children between the ages of five and sixteen years actually resident in the proposed district.

The funds for local schools are derived from two sources, local taxation and government grants.

A comparative study of the urban and rural school population during the past few years points to the expansion taking place:

Year	Rural	Urban	Total
1905	13,619	10,635	24,254
1906	14,576	14,208	28,784
1907	16,344	17,994	34,338
1908	19,599	20,054	39,653

	1907.	1908.	Increase.
No. of pupils attending school during year	34,338	36,853	2,515
No. of boys attending school during year	17,707	19,516	1,809
No. of girls attending school during year	16,631	17,337	706
Total aggregate attendance for 1st term	1,672,126	2,128,701	456,575
Total aggregate attendance for 2nd term	1,482,441	1,754,561	272,120
Total aggregate attendance for year	3,154,567	3,883,262	728,695
Total average attendance for year	14,782.61	18,923.71	4,141.10

The total number of teachers employed at one time, 1,192. Altogether, there were 276 schools that changed teachers during the year. The average salary per year paid to all teachers employed was \$367.39.

As to material that school houses are built of this 1908 report gives the 43; stone, 4; other material, 2. Some

The report says: "It will be noted that the majority of 2,984 in favor of the rural schools in 1905, which was reduced to a majority of 368 in 1906, gave place, during 1907, to a majority of 1,650 in favor of town schools. It would appear, however, that a reaction set in during the past year whereby the majority was reduced from 1,650 to 466. This means that while the expansion in our town schools during the year has been great, that in the rural schools has been still greater."

There is not much doubt but that our rural schools will go on increasing, for, though many come into Alberta to live in towns, it is the lure of the land that is going to draw the most new people for some time to come.

There is also an upward tendency to be noted in teachers' salaries, which in 1905 averaged, for first-class certificate male teachers, \$741.08, in 1908 averaged \$973.55, and for female teachers of the same grade, the figures are: 1905, \$615.63; 1908, \$702.00. In the second certificate class the male teachers in 1905 averaged \$620.90, female \$572.10; in 1908, \$700.00, and \$611.10 respectively.

Each pupil in actual attendance receives a reader upon admission to the school, and subsequently upon being promoted to a higher standard; and the reader so received becomes the absolute property of the pupil. This is a much more healthy proceeding than passing books on from hand to hand.

The number of school districts in 1907 was 902, in 1908 1,070, or an increase of 168; the number of districts having a school in operation in 1907 was 604, in 1908, 851, or an increase of 247. The number of pupils enrolled in 1907 was 34,338, in 1908, 39,653, or an increase for the year of 5,315.

The percentage of increase in regard to attendance of the years 1907 and 1908 was 6 per cent., and the increased average length of the school year 43 days. The total grants paid to school districts in 1907 was \$159,725.89, and in 1908 \$228,678.48, or an increase in one year of \$68,952.59.

The report of attendance of pupils is as follows:

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of the structures recently built are very fine and the general average is on the improve.

The total number of volumes in school libraries is 38,448.

Up to 1908 there were in the province seven separate schools and two Roman Catholic public schools.

There were 108 school districts erected in 1908, in one of which schools were established at Prairie River, on June 26th, a short distance west of Lesser Slave Lake, or some 300 miles northwest of Edmonton.

This annual report of 1908 is a good-sized volume of 201 pages, so it is only possible to give a brief sketch of what it contains, but to anyone who is following the progress of Alberta with an interested eye it provides a liberal diet. It is also safe to prophesy that the next report of 1909 will be still larger and more interesting.

East for a large proportion of our teachers, but the results of the Normal School at Calgary, increased application of our young people in their studies, are gradually furnishing us with a fair proportion of home talent that is taking to teaching as a profession.

A practice school in connection with the Provincial Normal School was organized in the summer of 1908 at Calgary. This school, which, to all intents and purposes, is one of the ward schools of the city, is under the control of the Department of Education, and affords an opportunity for observation by the students of the Normal School of the work of class teachers. Of course there are criticisms and

(Continued to page five.)



A Ponoka man won the Calgary Albertan's dot contest. As if the government hadn't done enough already to give Ponoka a reputation as the home of dotty individuals. A. J. Robertson, whilom leader of the Alberta opposition, won a consolation prize, a subscription to the paper for a year. This looks like a deep-laid plot. After reading strong Grit editorials for a year, who knows but A. J. might go to the political dogs after the fashion of Don Hiebert of happy memory.

Our opoor old mother tongue's resources haven't been exhausted utterly as yet, as witness these extracts from "The Heart of the City," in Everybody's Magazine for December:

"The tall clock swallowed gutturally. . . . Itchy gesture. . . . Snagged his own foot gashingly. Sluggish, velvet passion of his eyes. . . . Roary elevated trains. . . . Day-blooming sunshine. . . . Jaded department stores. . . . Wheedling tremolo. . . . Strangely parched lips. . . . Naked passion in his voice. . . . The very first flicker of his lips. . . . The girl's nose crinkled tighter. . . . The Journalist's galloping laughter. . . . Her silver-spangled lungs. . . . The girl's twenty coltish years. . . . Her nostrils began to crinkle. . . . Flush by flush by flush. . . . Prodded her uncle's icky voice. . . . Behind her tightly scrunched lids. . . . This is my —my man!

Is a headliner from one of the New York yellows on his vacation?

It's enough to make poor old Alec Pirie, never to be forgotten by Ontario newspaper men and newspaper readers of the eighties and nineties, turn in his grave to have this old favorite of his cribbed by no less personage than Mr. Dooley. F. Peter Dunne, so a magazine tells us, once told a story about the evening paper in which Mr. Dooley first made his appearance—an ill-fated sheet which the gods loved. One day, just before the end, a funeral passed the office with a band playing the Dead March from "Saul." The editor and Mr. Dunne watched it with emotion and fear. "Can it be," they whispered, "our subscriber?"

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced.

"Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering quietly, "shall I, as usual, order twelve luncheons?"

"Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

They were heckling him at a political meeting. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Who brayed there?" he cried out, sarcastically.

"It was only an echo," retorted somebody, amidst much laughter.

The Toronto Star ought to know better than to revive this old chestnut:

"A Western man has whiskers growing only on one side of his face. This story at first caused us a great deal of excitement until it dawned on our turbid intellect that it probably was the Outside."

The new minister was inspecting a pawky Scotch farmer's stock and paused to admire a donkey. "Fine donkey that, Mackenzie," said the minister. "What the ye ca' him?" "Maxwelltown, meenister," was the reply. "Wherefore that, mon?" cried the visitor. "Because his brays are bonny," came the answer.

## Starland

The large crowds which attended each change of programme at this little theatre, show that its popularity is still in the ascendant. With an assured refined set of pictures, it draws the best kind of people and the Starland habit has become quite a fixed one with many of our esteemed citizens.

The great American war picture, entitled "In the Shenandoah Valley," as an historical drama, received great applause. It brought the whole campaign so vividly before us, that the story, instead of being a paragraph in a story book became an actual living fact. "The Heart of a Race Point," was a beautiful story of a true friendship. The tout, whom many would despise, showed that beneath his loud manners, and rough ways, there was a heart capable of real affection, and a brain which was ready to devise means to help his friend out of the greatest difficulties. A wonderful biograph drama, "The Friend of the Family" held the close attention of the audience from start to finish, for it is a story, which alas, is too often being enacted in this much enlightened twentieth century. We only wish each case could have as happy a conclusion as the one shown, when the husband, enamored of a beautiful woman, is saved by his friend, and returns to his wife and child.

We are informed that the management have secured the world renowned "Passion Play" for the 24th and 25th, Christmas Day. The complete programme will be sacred, and Miss Newton is to sing "The Holy City." All those who have already heard this sweet mezzo-soprano, will know what a treat is in store for us when she renders this beautiful sacred song. Miss Newton has indeed already firmly established herself in public opinion, and is a most welcome addition to the theatre.

## Middle Age.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette—

When youth's desire of pleasure cloy

And life has reached a wiser stage

'Tis sweet to count the placid joys Of middle age.

No more the love of frenzied sport,

No more the thirst to do and dare,

With mild philosophy I court My easy chair.

There with my soothing pipe I sit And watch its graceful rings arise,

Feeling my vision and my wit Grow ripe and wise.

No more I join the weary wights Who dangle in a maiden's trail,

Giving their daytime and their nights To woful wail.

I seek no mad emprise to jog And goad me in a parlous way.

But meditate that every dog Must have his day.

I note the price of stock and share With cautious speculative ends,

And to the credit side I bear Life's dividends.

Perchance to golfing fields I fare, To enterprise with putt and tees—

And scorn the caddie's furtive stare At what he sees,

I never ask of life too much; And she rewards with ample wage

Of peaceful joys that are in touch With middle age.

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## Christmas Gifts AT Graydon's

A bottle of our Perfume dressed in holiday attire always a pleasing gift to the recipient. Then we have

Perfume Atomizers, Chocolates, Dressing Cases, Ebony Goods, Kodaks, Travelling Cases, Mirrors, Brushes, Etc., Etc.

It will be easy to decide after inspecting our many Christmas gift suggestions. "Have you thought of how acceptable a Kodak would be?"

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Phone 1411

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

We extend to all our Competitors, Friends and Customers a **MERRY CHRISTMAS** and a **Bright and Happy New Year.**

## For Late Gift-Seekers

we would suggest that you visit our store and see some of the beautiful things we are showing:

### Ladies' Secretaries

The very thing for your lady friend

### Ladies' Work Tables

### Afternoon Tea Tables

### Music Cabinets

Something your sister has been wanting

### Rockers

### Parlor Pieces

### Card Tables

### Library Tables

### Den Tables

Something your young gentleman friend would like

### Morris Chairs

### Cellarettes

### China Cabinets

Just what your wife would appreciate for Christmas

### Jardiniere Stands

### Cheffoniers

### Buffets

### Extension Tables

The very thing you have been wanting

### Dining Chairs

### Kitchen Cabinets

### Brass Beds

### Bedroom Suites

### Dressers

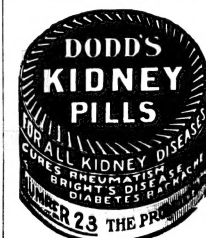
### Stands

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Dolls, Collapsible Go-Carts, Rattan Chairs, Sleighs, Dolls' Perambulators, Rockers, Toy Sets and hundreds of other things that children want "Santa" to bring them.

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TEACHER OF PIANO  
Accompanist  
Studio: ALBERTA COLLEGE**The Ordered House**

(Edith Rickert in N. Y. Outlook)

She was like an old Italian picture as she lay in her bed; waiting for the doctor. For background she had a narrow green room with a green-flecked curtain, a straight little bed of black oak, a small round table, a great carved chest and armchair; no other furniture, scarcely a picture, scarcely an ornament except a bunch of snowdrops in a slender vase. She herself was as if planted for its centre in her lilac-flowered dressing-gown with lilac ribbons on the breast of red-gold hair that lay upon her shoulders.

When she heard the doctor's carriage and his voice on the stairs, she flushed a little and busied her nervous fingers with the snowdrops.

"To his 'Good-morning' from the doorway she answered only with a glance and a smile; but as he took her wrist she asked without preamble, 'Are you ready now to answer my question?'

He looked at her without speaking for a moment—a youngish man, his dark hair just touched with gray, steady of glance, square of chin, impassive except for a wavering of color now and again on his cheeks.

"You are impatient," said he slowly.

"Always," she corroborated him, "when I am idle—"

Her maid stood in the doorway with a long box. "What is it, Rosa? Bring it here!" The impatience was manifest then.

"It" proved to be purple and white lilacs in great masses.

"Lilacs in February!" Her thin white fingers hunted vainly for a card.

Looking up sharply she caught the access of color in the doctor's face. "It was you," she exclaimed.

He was strongly embarrassed. "Don't you find a card? No, you won't—I didn't mean—The fact is they were promised for yesterday. I didn't expect to get caught like this."

"No?" she said, her face almost hidden in the blossoms. "You meant them for yesterday? Ah, you knew I had guessed!"

"Guessed what?" he demanded, with a sudden return of professional alertness.

"That I am going to die," she said, without change of voice.

"But you are not," he assured her, with sufficient quiet emphasis.

She came out from among the flowers then, and looked to see if he were speaking truthfully. "I don't believe you," she said, curtly, "and you don't believe it yourself."

His smile was perhaps the best answer he could have given.

"Well, then—she frowned at him, "when may I set up to work?"

"I don't know," said he. "To-morrow."

"No."

"Thursday?"

"No."

"Next week?"

He paused and studied the snowdrops a moment before he answered. "I have my way—either as physician or as friend—you will never go back to work—to that work."

She took it very quietly turning her face to the wall so that he could see only the delicately hollowed curve of her cheek against the cloud of her hair. "Presently she asked, 'And if I should get up to-morrow?'

He rose and walked the length of the room, saying, as he returned, "Then I wash my hands of you."

"Tell me," he began abruptly, "how long have you been at this jewelry business?"

"Eight years."

"That I want you to throw up all this sort of thing and go and live with your family, for a time."

"Haven't got one," she smiled at him triumphantly.

"What! No relations at all?"

"Only a married sister with three babies. My brother-in-law lent me money to set up with. I paid it back, of course. They'd be nice to me, but—"

"The babies would be nice to you," said he. "But this is amazing! No cousins—no aunts."

She still smiled her little triumph; "No—all dead. We're a used up family. That's why I'm not surprised at what's happened to me. It generally comes to that—with us."

"Did I tell you you had—well, what you call that?"

"But I know! I knew the minute this influenza got hold of me that it would happen. Besides it's your little game not to tell anything."

"I've told you one plain fact, anyway. You either drop all this kind of work and sell out and go to the country, or—"

Clearly he did not like to press the alternative.

"Sell out?" she cried pleasantly. "My house? All my beautiful things! I've been three years collecting them. I starved myself at first because I couldn't do without them. I couldn't live in any other place than this."

"Then store them," he suggested, briefly.

She caught at a thread of hope. "For how long?"

"Till you are well."

"Ah, yes," she repeated with pathetic irony, "Till I am well." Then she sat up suddenly, her eyes and cheeks ablaze. "Dr. Fields, you ask what is impossible. My life is all planned. It fits together. The house, I've grown into it like a shell."

"I know," he admitted rather huskily.

"I can't conceive any other life. I live only when I'm making these beautiful things; it's what I was born for. And if you stop me—"

"Do you think it's quite fair," he asked, in a reasonable tone of voice, "to accuse me of stopping you?"

She could not answer that except with a sudden rise of eyes. He went to stand by the window until her voice called him back.

"Please tell me plainly what you want me to do, and I'll see if I can—"

He appeared to find difficulty in expressing his thoughts, but managed presently "You've been living in a trim garden patch, so to speak; suppose you run wild in the woods for a year or two?"

"A year—or two," she repeated after him. "It would be too late then to begin again. I should be forgotten."

The light told her plainly that it was not in his plan that she should return at all.

He tried to qualify his opinion. "Just now you're an exotic, like those lilacs; by the time you're as hardy as the same flower when they come outdoors in May—we'll talk again."

"I don't see how I can manage it," she said, stubbornly.

He was too eager with his "Let me help."

"No, thank you," she said, with a sudden uplift of the chin.

"You only led a helping hand—as in the case of Bernstein—never take one!" he pleaded.

She bit her lip, clearly caught, then she said gently: "I may have many good friends, but you see, they all live in their own ways. Their lives are arranged—as mine was. I couldn't interfere."

He pondered this a moment then: "I see. You don't give them much chance do you? Well, even if I may not be counted as your friend, let me go ahead as your doctor."

She looked at him doubtfully. "If I did—would—would it be in time?"

She turned her face away from him unexpected "we."

If I give up—as you say—what is your plan? I can't think of anything else."

"No, you've sat so long at your work-table, dreaming fairy stories in anethyst and beryl, and stories that nobody knows the name of, until you can't conceive of any other form of life. Leave it to me—this once. Give me three months—as your doctor."

She looked at him steadily as she weighed his pleading, and at last, she said softly: "It's all tumbled, anyway—my house of cards—so I suppose it doesn't matter."

He could not altogether control a certain exultation. "In a week or two we shall set about building you another."

High above the plain lay the pine wood. The horses had been climbing nearly four miles before they came to the sunny glade in which the cottage stood.

"They were a quaint little party: Petronilla herself in heavy furs, not without standing the mid air of February; Peter, the yellow-and-white terrier, very miserable at leaving home; the comfortable, elderly nurse, and the doctor."

"Here you live," said Fields fairly carrying his patient to the veranda. She gazed with wonder at the room, a little structure built of wood, and covered with bark. From where she stood she could look into a living room and bed room, bare and sparsely furnished open to the sun and wind.

"It's the best I could do," apologized the doctor, "I'd liked to have turned you into the open to sleep on the pine-needles, and cook over a camp fire; but I'd a notion you'd object."

"Won't it rain in?" she asked a timidly as a child.

There are screens you can draw across—if you must be civilized and mind getting wet." His smile blurred the edge of the criticism.

As they looked at each other, he had a sudden memory of Petronilla sitting-room in the house she had ordered to her own liking so lately dismantled; the walls of pale gold, the carved Italian furniture in black oak, the single rug on the polished floor, the rare pictures, the fragment of jeweled stained glass in one window.

There had been daffodils on the table the night he had been hastily summoned by a maid too frightened to lift her mistress from the floor. He had found her lying in her yellow dress like a crumpled rose, just at the edge of weakness had overpowered her and drowned with him consciousness together. Until that night he had held her ground and fought with every breath for life and the word she loved.

She moved restlessly about the one room and the other apparently without looking at anything, then came back to the doctor who awaited her on the veranda, without attempting to follow or to explain.

"What shall I do here alone," she asked piteously, her fingers clutching at one another, impatient at the bare idea of idleness.

He turned to the nurse, who had come out silently with a tray, and down in this back-chamber, drink milk, and sleep until dinner time. No other thing else matters."

"Then?" she persisted.

"Look at the sky and the trees until you fall asleep again. I don't believe you live ever found time to see them properly in all your school life."

"No, I haven't," she faltered. "But what shall I think about?"

"Don't think. Live. You'll have time now." Her face showed clearly that she was at a loss. "Never mind how. Be patient. You'll learn with the doing."

"She broke into sudden tears, and hid her face in her hands."

"You foolish child!" said he; and then crossing from the pillar where he stood, he laid a gentle hand on her quivering shoulder—"poor, foolish child!" and he soothed her until she was quiet again. Then he added, with a kind of dogged earnestness: "You've got to begin with the A. B. C. You know nothing of the things that make up a nine-tenths of life. Take my word for it—they're worth while—some of them."

"Pretending," he corrected her. "You pretended nobly the other times when you sent for me—you know you did. Good Lord! when one remembers the so-called interesting invalids in the world. . . . But it wasn't a part of your plan to be ill."

She dared him then—her last stand. "No, and it isn't now."

"I'll take my way. It's your only chance. Pull your little house to pieces—"

There was yielding in her wall; "But Bernstein and my poor appearance—"

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(Continued to page six.)

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## HOME AND SOCIETY

### Calgary

Miss Findlay charmingly entertained a number of her young friends on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss E. Stringer. The beautiful home was ablaze with delicate pink carnations and pretty ferns.

The early afternoon was spent in needle-work, after which the merry hearted guests enjoyed a literary contest "The Romance," when Miss Ings had the honor of winning the first prize, and Miss Hardyway the consolation. Among the guests were: Miss Stringer, Miss Lilly, Miss Young, Miss M. Stringer, Miss N. Ings, Miss Glanville and Miss J. Glanville.

Mrs. Woods was the engaging hostess at a very delightful Five Hundreded yesterday afternoon. Among those who enjoyed the pleasure of the game were: Miss Burns, Miss Harris, Miss Muckleston, Mrs. Wrigley, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. J. J. Young, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Markle, Mrs. McFarlane, Mrs. (Dr.) McDonaid, Miss Lilly, Miss Lowes, Miss McCullough, Miss Campbell (Edmonton). In the tea room the table looked lovely with the streamers of crimson ribbon, and centred with a solid silver candelabra around the pedestal of which were filmy folds of dark red chiffon.

Other pretty Christmas decorations of bells and festoons made the whole tea room charming. Mrs. Slesley ably presided, and the very refreshing viands were kindly served by Miss Young, Miss Campbell and Miss McCullough.

The third annual ball of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen was held Thursday evening in Sherman's auditorium. The whole affair was a great success and reflects much credit upon the efficient management of the committee.

The pretty decorations won the admiration of about 500 guests, who enjoyed heartily every moment of the evening.

Only a few of the pretty gowns noticed were: Miss Marsh, handsome flowered colienne, Miss Bower, princess gown in pretty brown shades; Miss Bothwell, point esprit over silk; Miss Hall, old rose gown; Miss Beamish, rich costume of old rose and cream; Miss Dalton, pretty cream silk; Miss Squires, handsome evening gown of sequins; Mrs. Green, mauve princess gown; Mrs. Lance, pretty white mull; Mrs. Tennant, lovely black sequins; Mrs. Barkholder, handsome grey voile; Mrs. Gainer, rich black voile; Miss Miller, pretty pink de soie; Mrs. C. Cushing, handsome in black; the Misses Grant in white satin; Miss Miller in pink satin; Miss Johnston in brown satin with gold trimmings; Miss Pengelly in tafface silk with trimmings; Mrs. Dalton in black silk.

One of the most pleasant functions of the season was given at the barracks last evening when about two hundred guests enjoyed a lively dance to the military and enchanting strains of the orchestra. The hall was profusely decorated with all the handsome Christmas decorations and it presented a veritable picture of beauty. To describe the pretty and fashionable costumes of all present would be impossible. Only a few were: Mrs. Loughheed, handsome in black sequins; Mrs. J. J. Young, handsome pale blue figured chiffon taffeta with pretty lace garniture; Miss Young, dainty coin spotted net over pale blue silk with bands of satin to correspond; Mrs. C. A. Stewart, rich mauve costume with suitable furnishings; Miss Hardisty, pale blue silk mull; Miss Lowes, rich yellow satin; Miss Kerr, very handsome in pink silk; Miss McLeod, pretty black and white foulard; Mrs. Sharpe, rich black satin; Miss Lee, pretty in cream silk; Mrs. Atkinson, black and pink flowered chiffon over pink silk with touches of gold; Miss N. Ings, pretty red gown; Miss Lilly, point d'esprit over pink satin; Miss Allen, black velvet princess gown; Miss Johnston, pink flowered chiffon with touches of black; Mrs. McFarland, cream crepe de chine over pink. Mrs. Patrick, champagne satin; Miss Horsman, pale blue satin with touches of cream; Miss Harris, pretty yellow net over silk; Miss Elton Harris, pink silk; Mrs. Capt. Mackie, black sequin gown; Miss Miller, a pretty and delicate gown of cream silk.

The Misses Glanville gave a "novelty show" last Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss E. Stringer.

Mr. and Mrs. Packham and family left for Winnipeg Friday to spend their Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John Niblock left

on Wednesday for an extended trip through the eastern provinces and will not return until latter part of January.

The rosiest hues of anticipation were fully realized on Monday evening at Sherman's auditorium, when the members of the A.A.V. Temple, A.A.O.N.M.S., Calgary, gave their first annual ball and banquet to their friends. The pleasure of the evening is now glorified by a gold light in the memory of more than four hundred guests, representatives being present from all the surrounding towns and cities. The hall was elaborately decorated with numerous designs, oriental in character, which gave an air of distinction quite appropriate to the occasion, the banners of the order occupying a place of prominence about the walls. Suspended in the centre of the room was an illuminated combined scimitar, crescent and star, the emblem of the order.

The Shriners could easily be distinguished from their guests, for each wore a brilliant scarlet fez, with the emblem emblazoned in gold in front, and across his breast he had a ribbon of the Shriners' colors, yellow, red and blue.

With the many other decorations and the numerous handsome gowns of the ladies a very imposing and striking scene was presented.

Among the pretty costumes:

Mrs. Connacher in a handsome blue moire.

Mrs. Jamieson in a very becoming costume of violet silk.

Mrs. Markley, a rich gown of black silk.

Mrs. Buchanan perfectly lovely in costume, princess style, of white satin.

Mrs. Lieson, pretty in a pale blue chiffon taffeta.

Mrs. Lent, dark crimson satin.

Mrs. Estey, in rich crimson silk with pretty trimmings.

Mrs. Stewart, in white silk with chiffon overdrapes.

Mrs. Glanville, in gold sequin gown, over blue silk.

Mrs. Mapson, a rich gown of duchesse satin.

Mrs. Pirie, a pretty old rose silk.

Mrs. Sanson, black silk with silver trimming.

Mrs. Doty, a lace robe over pale blue.

Mrs. Smythe, cream satin with lace trimmings.

Mrs. Ireland, handsome pale blue filmy costume.

Mrs. Ross in very and becoming light colored gown.

Mrs. Elliott, black costume with garniture of lace to correspond.

Mrs. O'Sullivan, black net with jet and sequins over silk.

Mrs. Lindsay, pale rose satin.

Mrs. Rae (Medicine Hat), rich cream silk, with pretty lace furnishings.

Miss K. Rae, a pretty pink silk with touches of cream.

Miss Dixon, black sequin over silk.

Mrs. Price, rich cream silk.

Mrs. Coull, cream dress embroidered in pretty silk designs.

Mrs. Burnett, pale blue fancy silk costume.

Miss Davidson, white silk with pearls.

Mrs. B. Robinson, handsome blue costume with touches of silk and lace.

Mrs. Wrigley white satin and chiffon trimmings.

Miss Burt, pretty figured taffeta gown.

Mrs. McLaren, white silk with insertion and lace.

Mrs. Glass, rich costume of royal grape silk.

Mrs. Pierce (Maple Creek), Parisian gown, white silk, sequin trimmings.

Mrs. Loughheed, handsome white satin, rich lace and finished in sequins.

Mrs. Darker, lovely sequin gown over white satin.

Miss Riley, handsome in black silk.

Mrs. Glanville, rich black silk gown with gold sequins.

The matter of the recent sale of Peigan reserve lands near McLeod, is to be carried to the Supreme Court of Canada, and Mr. Colin McLeod, solicitor for the Indians interested in the lands, has left for Ottawa to take charge of the case. Mr. C. C. McCaul, K.C., appealed to the Judge of Supreme Court of Alberta recently sitting in Macleod, for an interim injunction to stop the sale, but the application was refused. Mr. McCaul based his application on the grounds that the consent of the majority of the interested Indians had not been obtained.

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## HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

His Honour, the Lieutenant Governor, will hold a levee at Government House, on New Year's Day, from 3.30 to 6 o'clock p.m.

Mrs. Bulvea will also be at home in her private parlors during the same hours, to any of His Honor's callers.

We might just as well admit it, we are not musically inclined at the capital. If you doubt me, ask Mr. Stutchbury, or any of the energetic musicians who have ever brought first class talent to town. Bring a "Hass-Been" like Madame Albani, someone the world was interested in a decade or so ago, and perhaps you will have a full house. Bring, on the other hand, a prima donna like Mme. Frieda Langendorff, a new concert star, to be sure, but an artist whose association with the Berlin Royal Opera, the famous Wagnerian Opera, at Bayreuth, and the Metropolitan in New York, names one must imagine, knowing the high standard they represent, should be sufficient to conjure with, and what do you find but empty seats, with a few genuine music lovers gathered in little coterie here and there throughout the hall.

Candidly, I pity the impresarios, if I may term them such, who are trying to educate musical tastes in our midst. We talk a great deal, some of us, about the lack of opportunity to hear really first-class musical or dramatic talent in Edmonton, and when a man has the enterprise to bring an artist, than whom you could hear few better on the continent, they stay at home and try to maintain the superior position that they wait till they go to Toronto and New York, etc. to do their concert and play-going. I always have my suspicions of such people, and wonder if they'd part with a quarter for the real love of the art, if the world wasn't looking on to see, in fact, if when they are away they really ever see anything but the newspaper notices of the attractions, and perhaps a friend's programme of the event.

Mme. Langendorff was splendidly advertised. No one could possibly make the excuse that they didn't know her standing in her profession; and yet Mr. Stutchbury, who brought her here, lost \$250 on the concert.

Ah, well! you who weren't there were the losers. You musical pretenders, who didn't hear the magnificent voice, who didn't witness her splendid dramatic powers, the treat of my five years in Edmonton.

And Mr. Barford! What little fairy godmother stood by that night and guided his fingers, till he carried us, every one of us, helpless captives to the magic of his accompaniments. I know good accompanying when I hear it, and I have heard Mr. Barford play many, but this particular concert, I may say, was his "hour"—surely then he found himself. And here's a bouquet with my congratulations well deserved, and with a Merry Christmas with it. And are you going to let this artist get wooed away from us for lack of practical appreciation??

Dr. Harwood also charmed his friends and delighted everyone. But I was longing for "Angels Guard Thee" an exquisite song which suits his voice better than anyone's I know. Next time please, will he remember?

I noticed His Honor, and Mrs. Bulvea in a box at the front of the Dr. and Mrs. Hislop, also other parties including Mr. and Mrs. John A. and Mrs. and Mrs. John McDougall and Mr. James McDougall, Dr. and Mrs. Blais, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison and Mrs. Mays, Mr. Geo. Suckling, Miss Forsythe, Mr. and Mrs. Henwood, Dr. Wells, Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Nash, Mr. Soares, Mr. Robinson and many others,—mark you, mostly men. Society and Music do not walk hand in hand in Edmonton.

There are several large dinner parties on for Christmas, as well as scores of smaller family affairs. Among the hostesses who are giving dinners of eight covers or more are: Mrs. Joe Morris, who is "entertaining" sixteen on that day; Mrs. Bowker, and Mrs. Dickens, who will have at least ten guests; Mrs. Revell who has a large party of intimate friends, Mrs. Frank Sommerville who has invited all the members of the Sommerville family in town, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Cantley, and numerous others.

Mrs. Hislop is having a Christmas-tree for her sturdy little son and wee daughter on Friday, and will not receive on that day, nor again until the last Friday in January.

Miss Gouin, of Winnipeg, was the raison d'être of two jolly bridges last week, one given by Mrs. Scoble, of



## Christmas Shopping

There are only a few days left to do your buying. If you have not already done this it would be wise to do so now and avoid the rush and confusion of the last few days.

## Suggestions

A dainty piece of cut glass makes an appropriate Christmas gift. We have many pretty pieces including,

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four tables on Friday evening, and a matinee bridge on Saturday, at which Miss Forsythe was the hostess. At both affairs this very well-liked visitor carried off the honors, thus retaining a dainty souvenir of both happy events.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bennett of Wilmore, B.C., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frith, 2034 Jasper Avenue west.

Mrs. Richards' very artistic and pleasant new residence, way out among the slim poplar woods on Edward street, was the scene of another bridge on Monday evening, four tables gathering to participate in the game.

The cheery living-room with its big hospitable grate fire, and the prettily paneled dining room were both used for play, and both much admired. Mrs. Richards received wearing a daintily figured mull gown and did the honors of the new house, as did the host, in the kindest possible manner.

Play resulted in Mr. Henwood and Mr. Lane capturing the honors, after which a delicious supper was served. The tally cards were representative of the festive season, having clusters of bright holly berries, and the good-fellowship of the season seemed to have entered into the occasion and made it pass off very brightly and pleasantly. Among the guests were two out-of-town visitors, Miss Gouin and Miss Lyell.

PEGGY.

## NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from page one.)

suggestions for improvements by the school inspectors, but these weaker spots are in many cases occasioned by our peculiar conditions; and, no doubt, the recommendations made by the inspectors will result in changes, for they speak their mind plainly on certain points.

One statement by Inspector James B. Loucks is worthy of note in the other direction, especially where he says: "The work in the Catholic districts continues to grow in magnitude and quality. There were 17 of these schools in operation during the summer months of this year, one of them is being kept open during the winter of 1908-1909. The majority of the teachers in these schools are doing excellent work, and such are receiving strong, loyal support from the people."

There seems to be a necessity for a more uniform system of teaching the art of writing, and Inspector Tilghausen thinks that when the "perman" system is at an end it will be a great advantage to us. School boards are too slow in moving to select teachers and so do not get the best, and if salaries were higher a still better class of teachers would come in from the East. Others also comment unfavorably on the permit system of obtaining teachers, but this will die out by degrees.

Taken all in all this report is a great story of progress, which no doubt will be continued.

## A MESSAGE TO ALL WOMEN

Madame Letourneau Tells Them to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills

Read Why She Gives this Advice and How She was Relieved of Her Suffering.

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"After my last child was born," she states, "I suffered with Kidney Disease which developed into Rheumatism, Sciatica and Backache. I was fearfully nervous. My limbs were heavy and I had a dragging sensation across the loins and pains in the back of my head and through the eyes. I was a perfect wreck."

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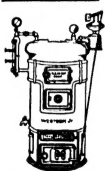
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## THE ORDERED HOUSE

(Continued from page three.)

them. I'll help you all I can. I sent up some books--"

"I hate reading!" she flashed through her tears. "I never had time for it in all my life!"

"Of course, I know that," he admitted, quietly. "There are only half a dozen; a bird-book and a flower-book, and a few sentimental novels--"

"Why 'sentimental'?" she could not help interrupting.

"Because I think you need a little cultivation on that side. And when you're sufficiently grown up, I shall bring you 'Don Quixote,' or some other wicked book to shock you into a sense of humor."

Little by little, he brought her into a state of reason and acquiescence that merged into a pretty interest when he presently discovered and brought to her a primrose root in full blossom. And when it was time for him to return to town, he said: "I've put you in Dr. Ridgeway's charge; he drives past just below twice a day, and he knows all about you. There's no fear of tramps, but, if you get frightened, nurse has a whistle, and there's a woodman's cottage not three minutes' away. When you are well enough, you can go play with the children there. But just now you're better alone with the woods and their little wild people"--he paused, then added--"and the stars."

"I think you must be a poet," said Petronilla.

"Heaven defend! I'm a plain doctor but I try to know my patients." This sounded well, but he could not help the flush that betrayed some sudden, deeper emotion. He tried to cover his embarrassment with a hasty--"You must work now, as soon as you can; do honest muscular work that soots your hands. No more stooping over precious stones and breathing in metal dust--"

She put her hand to her heart as if in sudden pain. "I shall die here--just remembering all that I have had to put aside."

"No, you won't," he insisted. "You'll be too busy learning how to live. And I shall come up--when I can--to see that you do it properly."

But for three weeks she had no word from him. She pouted a little over the thought that he had forgotten her in her cottage among the fragrant pines; and perhaps the very sulking stimulated her out of the dangerous passivity in which she lay for more than a week into making some sort of effort which Dr. Ridgeway presently rewarded by reducing his visits to one a day. For three long weeks he had tried to forget both the old life and the man who had torn her out of it; and on the fourth Saturday she felt quite sure that he would come and praise her, and tell her that she would soon be well and able to go back to her work-table. She had a clear conscience, she insisted to herself; she had studied the bird-book and the flower-book; she had slept and eaten and walked and sat in the sun; and she often helped with such little work as her primitive housekeeping required. Yes, she had done her duty, and she was most certainly looking for her reward.

But the day was a true child of March--wild and stormy--and she soon lost all hope of his coming. She sat until evening on the veranda, swathed in rugs, hating the hot bottles and the food, the nurse's funny stories, and especially the sentimental novels. And when she tossed the book aside in the twilight, she thought bitterly that it was no good fighting any longer. She had built her one house on the sands and the storm had washed it away, and she could find no rock on which to build another.

Through the rainy twilight she became aware of the woodman approaching with a letter. She read by candle-light these words from Fields:

"You are getting on. I meant to come up today, but was prevented by a bad case. Look for me soon."  
"E. Kerswell Fields."

She wondered why she cried when she went to bed, but she fell asleep even as she wondered.

The next Saturday was one of the perfect April days. Petronilla went like to do them. She announced to the singing about her little household tasks, quite forgetful that she did not like to do them. She announced to the nurse with justifiable pride that she meant to go down the hill to the swampy wood where the daffodils grew; and, when she had her hands full, to walk along the wood to meet the doctor.

She was at the end by the edge of

the wood, her arms full of yellow spoils, when she saw the smoke of his train several miles away; and there she waited until he had time to drive up--to go into the town for a talk with Dr. Ridgeway and then drive up--to walk up--to come by the next train and walk up. . . . And after that she went slowly home, and her trail was marked by daffodils that she dropped, unheeding, all the way.

After that she ceased to count the days, or let hers self think either when he might come or when she would be able to get back to the two stiff little yew trees in green pots by her front door in town.

"If one must be a vegetable," she said, some days after her great disappointment, "one must be as vegetable as possible!" So she gave herself up to this and vowed that she would think of nothing else in the world.

It was Friday afternoon as she lay in the sun on the pine-needles that she looked up suddenly and found the doctor standing over her.

"Yes," he assured her, as she started up on her elbow in a fright. "It's say it--my ghost. I walked up from the station. How goes it?"

As she made no answer, he dropped by her side. "Your visit, please. And after a moment: 'Yes, Ridgeway's right. There's no doubt about it.'"

She was suddenly eager. "When can I go back to my work-table?"

He dropped her hand and looked away. "I'm disappointed. I thought you would have learned better by this time."

"Learned not to work!" she asked feeling a sense of injury that he had made no excuse for not coming sooner.

"Oh work--that's all right," he said, impatiently. "Only it's a means, not an end, as you still seem to think. I hoped you were learning to live--up here with the pines and the stars."

She hung her head like a child convicted of a fault, and said nothing. "Aren't you happy?" he demanded.

"Oh, happy," she breathed, scornfully. "If that were all--"

"Well, what have you against being happy?" he pursued quietly. "I don't say it's 'all,' but it's a very good thing. I don't know what's better--unless it's making other people happy."

"I was happy down below," she insisted with gentle obstinacy. "Up here, now that all my plans are upset and I've nothing to--to live for . . . I'm just a vegetable, you see. . . ."

"Nonsense!" he derided her. "Unless it's an Annunciation life, painted by one of those Italian chaps. You aren't clear of the studio yet. You don't know how to be a savage. Give me your hand again--so."

Before she could guess his purpose he had brushed the pine-needles away from a little patch of earth and rubbed each of her hands in turn with the fine reddish mud.

"That's what you want," said he, "I'm sorry it isn't wet. Now get it on your face."

"Are you mad?" she gasped, struggling to remove the stains with handfuls of pine-needles.

"That's not fair," said he. "It's my prescription. It will make you grow. Sun and wind are all very well, madam; but there are other things you need, such as untidiness and nice, clean dirt, and--well, in a general sort or way, what we call Nature. He paused abruptly with a sudden flush and pretended to shy twigs at an imaginary squirrel.

"I can't think what you mean," she protested. "I'm not of my part of the work. Ask nurse. I'm sure I get untidy enough and all splashed when I'm washing up--"

He had stopped hurling sticks, and now said with deliberation. "Petronilla, can you guess why I've stayed away these five weeks?"

Her smile took the sting from her criticism. "You didn't give me a chance to say whether I wanted Dr. Ridgeway instead of--"

"There wasn't any choice," said he curtly. "I knew Ridgeway; and somebody had to see you twice a day at first. Don't think I haven't followed every step of your progress; I knew when you were good and when you were naughty. But I might have come down, if I had liked, any week-end except the time I wrote. I stayed away because I wanted you to miss me; and I'm thinking--did you?"

He had her hand again, not professionally this time.

She did not withdraw it, but said reproachfully, "And is this part of the treatment?"

"Treatment be hanged!" said he. "I'm not a doctor now."

She was silent, deeply moved he could see, but how he could not decipher.

Afraid to urge his cause he turned away and absently broke off a branch of fir hanging before him; but in a moment it came him his cue, and he laid it in her lap, saying, "It's this way, dear. You've had to give up the

old life--it hurts, I know. But your figure is wrong when you talk of a house of cards. It's like this fir branch--always putting the old behind it--budding out into the new. And it's got to grow as it can, according to circumstances--not in water, not through rock. It takes all the help it can get; all the air, the sunshine, the--the--love. . . . Did you miss me, Petronilla?" She was content to have his arms about her as she sobbed. "Am I really going to be well and begin again?"

"If you are good. What then?" "Nothing. You were wrong about me. I did learn my lesson, though I didn't know it; and I have been building another house--up here in the woods--and it is yours."

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Lamont . . . . . 3,000  
Morinville . . . . . 500  
Spruce Grove . . . . . 500  
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Wabamun . . . . . 3,000  
Seba, Entwistle or Siding near

Lobstick Lake . . . . . 4,000  
Wetaskiwin . . . . . 700  
Ponoka . . . . . 700  
Blackfalds . . . . . 700

Forms of tender, dates of delivery, and specifications may be had on application to the undersigned. Successful bidders, if any, will be required to enter into a contract for the performance of their tender and deposit marked cheque in favor of the Minister of Public Works for ten (10) per cent. of the amount of contract.

The right is reserved to reject any, or all bids, or waive any defects.

Parties tendering will have to make their own arrangements for permits.

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### A QUESTION

By Mabel Mahin

I study the faces of old women  
And ask myself a question, new and strange,  
To my own features will there come that change?  
That look of meek submission? Am I, then,  
No different from the others? And again,  
I ask, have I no power to arrange  
The course of mine own life? Must I exchange  
My outlook on this world for theirs?  
What gain

If I aspire and hope? Perchance they, too,  
Have hoped and seen their dreams  
fade in the air;  
Perchance they, too, have loved as  
now I do,  
And lost that love which seemed to  
them so fair.  
Shall I at last, when all my struggles  
cease,  
Wear not a crown but just a mask of  
peace?

I cannot, I simply cannot write of anything but it. Still Christmas, though you had my greetings a week ago. Another Christmas article, and at that when you read it, it will probably only be the merry joyous Christmas Eve, not the day itself. But the Spirit is in the air, it guides my pen, and as I start to tell you of such a deliciously funny thing I read lately all about ourselves, we of Edmonton (and what does a man like better than to see himself as others see him?) the Spirit holds my fingers and whispers: "No, no! Let the funny thing go, at least till after the beautiful feast day. Write of joy, and hope and love and good-will, of merry, merry things, of peace."

And because I am true to my better self—sometimes—I have let the woman go for a space in blissful ignorance that she has stirred up a hornet's nest way up in this far distant, trading post? I have left her to frolic with her children, if she has any, to drown her foolishness in holiday mirth, but meanwhile I have docketed the paper to use (I wonder shall I, some day when I am in a more critical mood,

To-day I must be glad. The thing is a necessity. I have been old and grown up all the year, so tired so often, so disappointed, so anxious. For this week I must be young, and care-free and foolish if I want.

Really nice people you know never grow up. They never cease to be children at heart. Children in their love of variety, welcoming any break in the daily routine of their lives. Children in their capacity for getting enjoyment out of all the changes and chances of life. Children in their susceptibility to passing phases of emotion, such as this which occurs yearly when December the twenty-fifth draws nigh.

There is nothing to be shame-faced about in remaining a child at heart to this extent.

"We shall have to come out of our gardens soon enough, and have to go into offices and the witness-box. Spare us yet a while, oh, dull, prosaic grown-ups! Let us doze among our playthings yet a little! for who knows what a rough, wayfaring existence lies before us in the future?"

A paraphrase of Robert Louis Stevenson's exquisite apostrophe to conscientious parents, but as applicable to the present case, as it is to theirs.

Rather is never growing up a cause for congratulation than otherwise. Beyond all doubt it helps one to get through life with a gladder, more independent spirit. It is not only the actual holiday which does me good. The Christmas spirit, that pleasant feeling of anticipation which makes the air electric, and fills the streets with shoppers for days beforehand, this has its effect upon our vitality, quickens the blood, gives us a month of humdrum uneventfulness. We cease to vegetate. We live!

Why I saw a perfect old curmudgeon of a man, so his acquaintances down street call him, as I came home at late dusk one night this week, the blinds of his house being not yet drawn, cake-walking with his tiny daughter, and alternately kissing her older sister, who was playing the piano.

"Hurrah, boys!" I felt like calling him. "You're a fraud, you old rascal, you've fooled us all. Who'd ever think of your Christmasing and acting up like this?"

But I'll always like that Fraud, from now on, let his blind fellows call him what they may. They may encounter the Hyde, but I have seen the Jekyll. I look back over all the Christmases I can remember, and cannot think of one when I hadn't great cause for happiness. I still feel something, very much, of my childish thrill of anticipation when the days of dark December draw near their shortest. There is a delicious foretaste of coming joys in the air. I adore the gay shop-windows—the toy shops full of delights, and the groceries glittering with shiny, succulent figs, dates, and crackers, and the bakers bursting with gay Christmas cakes and candy canes, instead of sober, every-day loaves and ordinary "candies." Nothing is the same as usual. Everywhere are signs of Saturnalia. The merry spirit of the old Roman festival has grafted itself on to the solemn Christmas and merry-sary so firmly, that they can never now be thought of apart.

And crackers, did you ever know anything like them for making a Christmas party thoroughly happy and well-disposed all around? Some of the family have got up in the world, and are just a little haughty about it. Others have remained where they began, and are inclined to be slightly resentful. They throw a little over dinner, but there is still some constraint. The sharp edges have not been quite rounded off. The frost is not yet entirely broken up. Just something more is needed to complete the success of the party, and that is something is best supplied by crackers.

Pop! pop! they go. Everyone must pull one, with someone else. No one can be let off wearing a cap, and before you know it, the thaw has set in. Staid Aunt Patsy is wearing a sky-blue motor cap with a green peak, and has forgotten entirely all about her social position, while Mr. Duckling, generally a grumpy disagreeable man, finds it impossible to look superior in a pointed cone of yellow with brilliant crimson stars. And so cracker caps are in their way as symbols of harmony. Many are slipped into pockets and taken away. There seems to be some chaos about them.

It does us good to recall those days. It softens hearts that grow hard in the rush and fierceness of modern business and competition. Christmas is the tender time, the children's day. It is a time when we cannot bear to think of fireless grates and empty cupboards and bare and cheerless rooms.

There is another aspect of Christmas which mingles a pang of pain with our merry-making—the thought of those who once helped to make our Christmas happy, and who have passed into the Shadow Land. In some moods I have cried out that all such festivals were cruel for the memories they force into so many quivering souls. But that was a cowardly thought.

Let us be glad to have such happy memories, left behind to "smell sweet and blossom in the dust." And if we reproach ourselves with some failures, perhaps in kindness to the dead, perhaps in duty, let that make us more loving with the living. Nobody can fail to have a happy Christmas who helps others to rejoice and be glad.

"Blow the Christmas season. A fellow gets feeling so blue and so lonesome, he's liable to catch anything with the pores of his heart all open."

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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### A QUESTION OF ART

A man once went to a problem play. And there was fashion in glad array. The things they said on the mimic scene Brought many a blush to his cheek, I ween. And he shouted "Boo!" in the British way; And the others about him, in fierce dismay, Childed him sore for his gulfhearted heart, And said, "Be silent, oh, fool; that's art!"

So he steadied his nerve, and he learned to speak The language of those who boldly seek To bring new thrills to the public mind. By methods sturdier than refined, The self-same story he simply told: They shuddered and said he was rudely bold, "But it's art!" he cried. They exclaimed, "Nay, nay!" "It's only art when they make you pay!"

—Washington Star

The Vancouver Province tells of the experience of a local tenor who undertook to sing Lovemore's "Flower Rain" at a recent concert in that city. When he opened up it was raining gently but he proceeded:

It is not raining rain to me,  
It's raining daffodils,  
In every dimpled drop I see  
Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of grey engulf the day  
And overwhelm the town.  
It is not raining rain to me,  
It's raining roses down.

By this time it was getting pretty warm, and some windows were opened; the sound of many waters rushed in. No stage rain ever came down like that. An inimitable November brand had been turned on. It banged on the roof and splashed against the windows, and fell from the eaves-troughs in loud, dashing rivulets. Above the clamor of the clouds Mr. Hamlin's beautiful voice rose triumphantly.

It is not raining rain to me,  
But fields of clover bloom,  
Where every buccaneering bee  
Can find a bed and room.

A gentle wave of philosophy wrapped the audience as he finished,

A health unto the happy,  
A fig for him who frets.  
It is not raining rain to me,  
It's raining violets.

Afterwards a crowd of people waiting for a car at the corner of Granville street hummed it happily, with rain dripping from every umbrella rib.

This is cited as an illustration of the power of mind over water.

The story is told that one night when Mr. R. S. Willard was appearing in "The Middleman" in London, England, nearly twenty years ago, one or two men in the gods were so overcome by the sorrows of Cyrus Blean, the old potter, in the scene in which he is depicted in great distress, that they actually took pennies from their pockets and threw them on the stage when the anguished man called out for money to buy fuel for his furnace. But few players can get so wrapped up in a play as that, and few actors can evoke such interest.

On a recent Saturday afternoon, according to Toronto Saturday Night, Mr. Reeves Smith, who was playing the villain in "Van Allen's Wife," at the Princess Theatre, won a somewhat similar tribute. Of course, it is customary with the gallery to hiss all villains, but this is more custom than anything else, and does not signify very deep absorption in the play. There was a young lady present at

the theatre mentioned, however, to whom the whole drama was absolute reality. She sat in the front row of the first gallery leaning over the rail and completely absorbed in the action of the drama. For the many who did not see the piece, it is necessary to explain that the big scene is located in the rooms of the villain. He is trying to force a woman who has lived down her past to return to a life of degradation. He has her wound up pretty tight in his net, and laughs at her appeals and her efforts to escape his purpose. Mr. Reeves Smith, who is a most accomplished actor, played the role with a glittering callousness worthy of a better cause, and depleted the cold-blooded intentions of the man in his design as well as the most critical could conceive. For the girl in question it was obviously real, for suddenly at a crucial moment she struck the padded railing of the gallery and exclaimed in low and intense tones which could be heard by all those around her: "My God, I'd kill him!"

The people around her broke into a laugh, and she woke up, blushed, and for the rest of the performance was a very quiet and embarrassed young woman. But Miss Fanny Ward, the star, could have used some of the intensity she put into her unconscious speech, in her portrayal of the heroine.

The subscription list for Madame Melba's intended grand concert for Edmonston which Mr. Barford launched is now open for subscribers who wish to enter their names, at Harmony Hall, Mr. Geo. H. Suckling's Piano Warehouse on Hulse street. Mr. Barford found that his professional engagements would not allow him to give sufficient time to bring the concert party here.

London papers tell of an incident which is of especial interest in view of the fact that the Saturday News has had reason several times of late to criticize the actions of members of Edmonston audiences. Mr. Joseph Holbrook was conducting a performance of his opera "Pierrot and Pierrette" at His Majesty's Theatre, when he was compelled to stop it, because the noise of the conversation was so loud and insistent. He then appealed to the "house" to listen silently. "Before the performance began," he said, in an interview, "there was the usual buzz of conversation all over the house. When the orchestra began the play the talking grew louder and stronger. Some well-dressed ladies in the front rows of the stalls were particularly loud in their talking. People in other parts of the house cried 'hush!' and members of the orchestra made whispered appeals for silence. But the talkers ignored all appeals and after we had played for a minute or two with this fearful row going on behind me, I tapped my baton on the music stand and stopped the orchestra." But even this protest which could not be mistaken by anyone in the house, was unheeded. So Mr. Holbrook took a book out of his pocket and started reading. The people who wanted to hear the opera cried "hush!" but the conversation kept on. The conductor, after reading for four or five minutes, thought that the talking would cease, and facing the audience, he said: "Will you kindly leave off talking!" The reply was "Get along with your music!" The conversation in the stalls, where the "best" people are supposed to be, particularly annoyed Mr. Holbrook. He could hear every word they said, and it was all about "shopping." When the next performance of Mr. Holbrook's opera is given, the program will contain an appeal to the audience to maintain silence. This incident has called forth general comment on the intolerable nuisance of people who go to musicales merely to be seen and indulge in frivolous chatter, and there is a consensus of opinion among all musical people of the necessity to stop it.

The following item from the New York Sun of recent date will arouse not a little interest among lovers of the drama:

Ethel Barrymore, now Mrs. Russel Griswold Colt, and a fine baby boy, who was born on Sunday night, were both reported to be doing admirably last night. The boy was born in the house owned by August Belmont, at 46 East Thirty-fourth street, which two months ago was leased by Mr. Colt.

John and Lionel Barrymore were both at their sister's home when their nephew arrived. John Drew, a great-uncle, called at the house yesterday.

Miss Barrymore, it is said, will next appear on the stage in February in "Mid-Chanel," the appearance of which, scheduled for this fall, was postponed because of the expected arrival.

Miss Barrymore was married on March 15 to Mr. Colt, who is a son of Samuel Pomeroy Colt.

### NEXT WEEK AT THE EMPIRE

Next week's bill at the Empire, Edmonston, promises big things.

The bill is headed by the Six Cornallists, acrobatic marvels. This family of acrobats are known wherever advanced vaudeville is shown from coast to coast, and have the most thrilling act of its kind in vaudeville. The four men and the two women composing the troupe seem to have no regard for their bodies, but allow themselves to be thrown about the stage with reckless abandon.

Torcat and Flor D'Aliza and their wonderful troupe of educated roosters is an act of almost equal importance. This act has the personal guarantee of Mr. Pantages and Mr. Kyle, as they have both seen it and declare it a real novelty.

The following is the Seattle criticism of the act of Harland and Rollison: "Harland and Rollison live up to their advance notices, which told of their reputation in many European countries, and make one of the most sensational hits made at the Star in many months. They are instrumental musicians and comedians, but the act is far removed from the musical comedy turn of the minstrel stage.

Pankey and Cook, musical singers and dancers, will be seen in an act full of eccentricities and good comedy, introducing many new songs, in a style all their own, they are sure to become favorites before the week is out.

Pike and Calame, artistic harmony vocalists of the first water, complete a bill that seems to be most appropriate for the holiday season.

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### The Friend o' the Family

From the Catholic Standard and Times

"Though I'm a sensible young man

And not unduly vain,  
From them that call me "Hand-some Dan"

You'll know I'm not so plain;  
Yet I'll not come into my own  
Until I've seen the end,  
Of one Cornelius Malone,  
Who was my father's friend

"Oho!" remarks the ancient one,  
"So you're old Peter Dooley's son!

Mayhap you are a likely lad,  
But troth, you'll never be  
The man your father was. Be-dad!"

He says, says he.

The store had but a middling trade

When left me by my pop,  
But now it's growing, and I've made

Additions to the shop.  
Yet each progressive step I've shown

I now must needs defend,  
Against the tongue of old Malone  
Who was my father's friend.

"So thrade is purty good wid you?  
"Ah, well," says he, "I hope it's thrue.

I pray it still may grow an' thrive,  
But, faix, 'twill never be  
Like whin your father was alive,  
Bedad!" says he.

T. A. Daly.

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